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FRIDAY, MARCH 17, 1916.

A Line o' Cheer Each Day o' the Year.

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

First printing of an original poem, written daily for The Washington Herald.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

Today's the day to wear the green—
Let it shine smiling from your mien.
Deep in your heart to ease your care
The colors of the Springtide wear,
As if like earth released from pain
You had returned to Youth again.

(Copyright, 1916.)

Shamrocks today!

If somebody breaks into your house in the middle of the night, don't get excited; it may be a policeman.

They are getting up a directory of criminals in New York. What's the matter with the regular city directory?

A Minneapolis woman tried to enlist in the navy as a cook, but was told that there is a law for the protection of the nation's sailors.

There is said to be $500,000,000 in gold stored in the Denver mint, but it doesn't prevent the Democrats from worrying about how to replenish the Treasury.

There is to be a further advance in the price of shoes, due to the war, it is announced. If this keeps up we may have to learn to get along without them again.

Five policemen "hit the trail" at one of Billy Sunday's meetings but the reporters failed to find out the name of the chap they were after or what he had done.

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley told an interested audience yesterday about some of the "crimes of the American Kitchen," though it's a safe bet some of his hearers encounter them three times a day.

You can have your watch tested at the government Bureau of Standards by paying the necessary fee, that is if you are not satisfied there is something wrong with it after it has made you late at the office a few times.

Admiral von Tirpitz has resigned as head of the German navy, but there is to be no change in the methods of submarine warfare, Berlin announces. But Berlin doesn't know. Such changes are decided on in Paris and London.

According to the New York newspapers jobs at $1.75 a day, with an allowance for food and lodging the first week, were offered to 225 men standing in the bread line, and only four of them accepted. Very likely most of those who were willing to work had better jobs.

The number of applicants at the recruiting offices in New York has increased five times since the Mexican situation became acute, which is a gratifying indication that while Americans are not eager to enlist for ornamental duty they are ready when trouble is in sight.

Senator Smith, of South Carolina, proposes an appropriation of $15,000,000 for the construction of a plant for the production of nitrate from the air. If it is true that we are wholly dependent on Chile for our supply of nitrate, which is needed in the manufacture of war munitions, the situation would certainly seem to call for a remedy. It would be interesting to know, however, how long it will take to get $15,000,000 worth of nitrate out of the air.

The Department of Agriculture estimates that one of every ten eggs gets cracked between the hen and the consumer, and it figures that last year cracked eggs caused a loss of $881,000 in forty-five egg cold-storage plants. Of course the department has a remedy, which is careful and more scientific packing, but what a chance for some genius like Luther Burbank to produce the hen that lays eggs with rubber shells.

A committee of the National Guard Association urged the President to appoint as Assistant Secretary of War former Representative Maurice Connolly, of Iowa, as a man familiar with National Guard affairs. There are a great many other things that Mr. Connolly is familiar with, and besides he is a progressive, hustling young business man whom Secretary Baker would find a most capable first lieutenant if he would accept the job.

The keeper of the lighthouse on Ano Nuevo Island, below Pigeon Point, on the California coast, has appealed to Federal officials here for relief from an act of Congress for the protection of sea lions, which prohibits their being killed, but which have increased to such an extent that he fears they will take possession of the island. At the very least he should be authorized to organize a punitive expedition.

Torpedoes and Von Tirpitz.

That the allied navies will be able to clear the high seas of submarine pirates or that the war will come to an end before many more American lives are sacrificed is all that the people of the United States have left to hope for. The contention of their government with the governments of Germany and Austria-Hungary for the safety of traveling Americans or American seamen may as well be regarded as a closed incident. The Teutonic allies will continue to do as they please with the merchant ships and noncombatants of belligerent and neutral nations alike—being restricted only by the warships of their enemies—and the most that "strict accountability" can exact is one of half a dozen ever ready explanations, one as implausible as another, and the payment of indemnity in the end. Let us therefore look forward to the end of the war and trust that in the meantime as few notes as possible will be sent to Berlin and Vienna.

Just as the State Department was advised that the naval activities of the Teutons had nothing to do with the destruction of the Norwegian bark Silius, with seven Americans on board, came news of the sinking of the Dutch passenger ship Tubantia, carrying three Americans, and a torpedo attack, without warning on the French steamer Patria, which had on board a United States consul and other Americans. It is possible that the Silius struck a mine, while present indications are that a torpedo sent the Tubantia to the bottom. In the case of the Patria there is no reason to doubt that a torpedo was fired at her without warning and that those on board, narrowly escaped death. However, the circumstances in none of the three cases will make any difference. Explanations will be forthcoming if we insist and, if we can produce sufficient evidence, it is possible that at some time in the distant future indemnity will be paid. But the United States is now powerless to safeguard the lives of its citizens on the high seas, and we may as well recognize it. The power left us when we permitted it to be known that while we were contending for the sacred rights of civilization and humanity and holding the nations to strict accountability for the safety of American lives we were confining our contention to diplomatic exchanges. We are operating on a note basis and a note is all that any fresh outrage on the high seas can now call forth.

Were the situation otherwise, had Germany any reason to be apprehensive of our course, significance might be attached to the resignation of Von Tirpitz as head of the German navy; it might be regarded as the last or next to the last of the German bag of tricks that had served so long and so well to deceive us. But there being no occasion for anything of the sort, the submarine controversy being so completely enmeshed in technicalities, promises and modified promises and acceptances, as to permit diplomacy an interminable revel, Von Tirpitz's resignation need not seriously concern this country. What we must hope for is that the seas will be swept clean of submarines, and diplomacy will not do that.

Is Mr. Bryan a Democrat?

R. W. Whited, of Omaha, has filed with the Secretary of State a protest against the appearance of the name of William Jennings Bryan on the Democratic primary ballot as a candidate for delegate-at-large from Nebraska to the Democratic National convention, on the ground that Mr. Bryan is not a Democrat. He asks that a date be set for a hearing. This is important news, because it holds out the hope that a question that has frequently arisen in the minds of many Democrats, but that has never been given the general consideration the political activities of Mr. Bryan justified, may be decided authoritatively in his own State. By all means let a date be set for a public hearing and let Mr. Bryan be given an opportunity to appear, with witnesses to prove his Democracy if he can.

It is possible that a decision may be reached which will be binding upon the whole country though this is not to be counted upon with certainty, because it is not known definitely just what constitutes a Democrat in Nebraska, and Mr. Bryan himself may have had so much to do with laying down the specifications that he will pass the test, in which event an appeal would be imperative.

However, the opportunity which Mr. Whited's protest offers should not be overlooked. The inquiry should be thorough, and it should begin with the year in which Mr. Bryan first contracted the habit of running for President on the Democratic ticket, which must of course be regarded as his chief claim. In that year, 1896, he headed both a Democratic and a Populist ticket, but he was opposed by John M. Palmer at the head of another Democratic ticket. He may offer the action of two national conventions to prove that he was a Democrat in 1900 and 1908, but this is 1916, and there must be inquiry into the thrust he administered to that sterling Democrat Champ Clark in 1912, and testimony as to the "God bless you" bestowed on the present occupant of the White House when he left him in a crisis to help him by denouncing his policies. On the other hand Mr. Bryan's philanthropic efforts to make way for "deserving Democrats" at the public crib cannot be ignored, and here Mr. Whited may find himself in difficulties, but he should not shirk the issue, even if Mr. Bryan appears flanked by a score of them. There is too much at stake. If Mr. Bryan is not a Democrat the country ought to know it and his name should not be permitted to appear on the Nebraska ballot as a candidate for delegate-at-large to the Democratic National convention, just because he happens to be a distinguished citizen.

McCall's Idea of Harmony.

Gov. McCall, of Massachusetts, must have a queer idea of harmony if he thinks it can be established in the Republican party by letting Col. Roosevelt and his followers have their own way. The Taft men who appeared at the polls in 1912 are likely to make a solitude of any harmony camp that is organized on this principle.—New York World.

Keeping Silence.

By JOHN D. BARRY.

There are situations where to be silent is to seem untruthful. For the lovers of truth they are hard to meet. But on occasion they must be met without fear. Our speaking out may do mischief. It may cause us to say something damaging to another.

Shall we sacrifice him or shall we sacrifice our own feelings?

Surely, in the choice, there can be no hesitation.

Every one of us is occasionally called upon to be silent about something associated with another. If we speak there is not only inevitable loss for the other, but loss for one's self, in kindness and in self-control.

The oftener we meet this situation the stronger we grow, the more closely we become identified with the courage and the consideration and the beauty that go with silence.

Perhaps, by chance, we have become aware of something discreditable in the life of another. Opportunity after opportunity comes to us inviting us to betray. If we resist it we shall feel better. We shall have the sense of stopping a train of evil. If we yield we shall know that we have sent that train on perhaps to do an incalculable amount of harm, perhaps, besides, to involve ourselves in distressing complications.

There are so many things in life that we ought to be silent about. Nearly always they are unpleasant. Our silence tends to minimize them, often to destroy them altogether. By speaking of them, we give them renewed life and activity.

If every one of us could only take the unpleasant as it enters consciousness and let it perish there, what a burden would be lifted off the world.

In this good work we can all be active. It is worth any one's endeavor. It may justify a life in all other respects a failure.

At the end of each day it ought to be a comfort to every one of us to be able to think that we have not added to the sum of ill-feeling, either in ourselves or in others.

So often, in this regard, we are violators. Just a little care will keep us in check. Someone comes along and drops a critical or an ill-natured remark about another.

Shall we carry it on or shall we keep silent?

If we keep silent it disappears in the air.

There are those who seem to think it is a joke to report that this person has made an ill-natured comment about that other person or that other persons dislikes this person. There are even those who are cruel enough to tell others that the others are disliked by certain people or have been criticized. With appalling frankness they quote and give names. They make a huge contribution to ill-feeling. Often they start resentments that lead to dreadful consequences, destroying friendship, inciting far-reaching retaliation. They have no conception of the wonder and of the rewards of silence.

To enjoy silence is a rare faculty. Some people scarcely know what it means. They live in a world of reverberation. Even when they are alone their consciousness is noisy. If we had eyes fine enough to look in and to see what was going on we should find that they were always in a turmoil. They usually have a way of putting their idlest thoughts into words. To live with them may be a great trial. They trivialize life. They spread about them an atmosphere of fatigue. Their thinking is always on the surface, where they habitually live.

The truth is that they have no time to do any real thinking. They never familiarize themselves with silence, where the real thinking is done, the thinking that goes down to the depths. As a rule, they cannot bear to be alone. No wonder. They have only the company of their strident thoughts clamoring to wear themselves out in words.

The lovers of silence, knowing the futility of words, are never without companionship. In the place where silence lives there are the still voices telling about the mysteries of living.

To have command of silence is to enjoy a rich possession, like an independent estate.

Happiest are those who can enjoy silence for long stretches. When they are mentally tired or depressed they can go into their silence and find refreshment. For days at a time they can be by themselves and rest. They can leave the turbulent city and escape into the country and abandon themselves to the wholesome influences of nature. They are not at the mercy of the need for companionship, the slaves of others.

If we all knew how to be silent, deeply, wholesomely silent, we should have a panacea.

What Did It Mean?

Besides being a paltry and silly way of dealing with a crisis the performance of Friday, March 3, was one of the queerest things the Senate has ever done. In its amended form the Gore resolution declared that the death of an American citizen, if caused by the sinking of an armed enemy merchant vessel by a submarine without warning, "would constitute a just and sufficient cause of war between the United States and the German Empire." By the administration the vote to table this resolution is counted a victory. A vote to table the same resolution, if it had been introduced not by Mr. Gore, but by a supporter of the administration, would have been counted as defeat. If Mr. Gore had introduced a resolution saying that the death of an American citizen, in the circumstances he described, "would not constitute" a cause of war, and if this had been tabled, the administration would have counted this vote, precisely the opposite of the actual vote, as equally a victory. The rule appears to be that the words of a resolution mean nothing, that nothing matters except the name of the introducer. How the Senate's vote ought to be scored is a question likely to puzzle scorers from now until the end of time.—The New Republic.

News Served Up in Berlin.

It is alleged in a letter to the Continental Times, published in Berlin, that while the pro-German societies have held large mass meetings in all the large cities of the country to demand an embargo on munitions of war, the newspapers, though sending a full corps of shorthand reporters, "never published one line" pertaining to the meetings. One has to go away from home to get the news.—Springfield Republican.

OUR COUNTRY—By OUR PRESIDENT

A History of the American People By WOODROW WILSON

A Centralized Government.

Published by a special arrangement with the President through The McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

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All the fire-arms used by the confederate armies were muzzle-loaders, and the mere supply of percussion caps became a matter of no small difficulty.

A mechanic at the Richmond arsenal, the chief factory of arms, ingeniously contrived a machine by means of which a million caps could be pressed and filled every twenty-four hours; but the loss of the copper mines of Tennessee followed the occupation of Chattanooga by the federal forces, and the supply of sheet copper out of which the caps were made was suddenly cut off.

An officer was despatched, accordingly, to North Carolina to buy and forward to Richmond every turpentine and brandy still he could find in the State, and the copper from these supplied all the caps used by General Lee's army during the closing year of the war.

The caps were usually filled with fulminate of mercury; mercury could be had only from abroad; and the supply gave out. Diligent experiment was made, and it was discovered that a combination of chlorate of potash and sulphuret of antimony could be successfully substituted.

The inventive genius and practical resourcefulness of men and officers alike were quickened by the extraordinary exigencies of those fearful years to make the most of what they had.

Common glass demijohns were converted into contact torpedoes to close the channels of the southern rivers, and did their work with terrible execution.

An assaulting party rolled bales of cotton before them for shelter as they worked their way forward to the storming of a position.

Skilful and experienced mechanics were lacking, foundrymen, ship carpenters, engineers—for the South had hitherto had no need of these; but every man of education in the armies turned his wits and knowledge to practical account upon occasion and supplied the lack as best he could.

Almost every white man of fighting age, and many who were too young or too old for the field, came first or last into the ranks, and the war seemed to be using the whole capacity of a proud and capable race.

Hundreds of thousands volunteered; the rest were drawn in by conscription. Where it was necessary to use the entire fighting population it was impossible to rely on voluntary service, and the South, with its scant numbers for the field, resorted to conscription sooner than the North.

It was absolutely necessary, of course, to leave some men at home to do the indispensable work of peace by which homes and armies alike were to be supported; but men enough even for that were not left at last, so inexorably had a drastic conscription swept the country of every possible soldier.

So as early as April, 1862, the confederate Congress had made all between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five subject to military service; in September of the same year it extended the obligation to men of forty-five; and before the end of the war it had called upon boys of sixteen and old men of sixty.

Slaves served the armies from the first as body servants, teamsters, hostlers, cooks, and laborers on the fortifications. Before the war closed the confederate Congress, in its straits for men, authorized, with something like general approval, the enrollment of slaves as armed troops; but not until the end was at hand and the measure too late to be of practical importance.

Such measures were but a proof of how the southern country was being stripped of everything, its men and its resources alike. There was proof in every action of the new government they had set up of the exigent difficulties, the utterly disconcerting perplexities brought upon the southern people by that unparalleled upheaval of civil war.

In all counsels southern men has stood foremost in the advocacy of a central government of strictly defined and carefully limited powers, which should give to individuals and States the utmost possible latitude of independent privilege compatible with the maintenance of political authority and social order. They had flung out of the Union because the federal government had seemed to them to go too far in the arrogation of power. And yet the government they themselves had set up by way of protest became, amidst the entanglements of a war which involved its very existence, a power centralized beyond example in the history of America.

Not only did all authority centre at Richmond, but all power at Richmond centred in the President and the heads of the executive Departments, particularly the Secretaries of the Treasury and of War.

Tomorrow: When the Executive Was Absolute.

Woodrow Wilson

The Herald's Army and Navy Department

Latest and Most Complete News of Service and Personnel Published in Washington.

By E. B. JOHNS.

The hearings on the naval appropriation bill will be closed next week when Secretary Daniels appears and gives the views of the department on the building program. He will be preceded by Rear Admiral Benson, chief of naval operations.

It is expected to bring out the bill from the committee the first week of April. To hasten its passage an agreement has been reached among the leaders of the House to hold night sessions. In an effort to put national defense legislation through at an early date not only the Democrats, but the Republican leaders have agreed to set aside other legislation. Minority Leader Mann has even gone so far as to threaten a filibuster against other legislation if the Democrats do not consent to take up the army and navy bills.

During the testimony on the appropriation bill, members of the committee frequently asked questions to bring out the officers' opinions on the department's bill, although it was not formally before the committee. This same policy may be pursued when the Secretary comes before the committee on the appropriation bill.

From the expressions of members of the committee the proposed scheme for promotion by selection is being received with considerable favor. Some of the members of the committee have become converted to the idea, although a majority is not fully committed to the principle. Capt. Simms proved to be the strongest witness for the department's bill and devoted a good part of a day's hearing to the discussion of personnel legislation in general.

"Many officers of the navy," said Capt. Simms, "object to promotion by selection because they do not understand what is proposed in the bill. They fear some system like that in the army by which the President can promote any officer to brigadier general but not to intermediate grades. This cannot be done in the navy. It appears to me that the department's bill safeguards promotion by selection against political and social influences.

"For instance, if there were ten vacancies for lieutenants under the bill the forty lieutenant commanders under whom they had served would be called upon to select out from the entire list of lieutenants those who are to be promoted. One lieutenant commander might be controlled entirely by social or political considerations, but no one will contend that all of them or a majority of them would be subjected to such influences."

* * * *

Before the resolution had been signed by the President raising the army to its full war strength Adjutant Gen. McCain had taken steps to recruit the additional force of troops. By wire he ordered the opening of all of the recruiting stations and had arranged to assign about 200 additional enlisted men to recruiting service. He will probably detail a few more officers to the service.

According to early reports the prospects are that within a week the required number of men will be on the muster rolls. In the Middle West dispatches state some of the recruiting stations are being crowded with those who desire to enlist. If this in an indication of the response to the call for men that will be made throughout the entire country the War Department will experience no difficulty in securing the required number.

However it will be not less than six weeks before the recruits can be sent to the border. Those who have served in the regular army can be sent immediately but it is apt to be two months before any considerable number of new men will reach the organization on the border.

* * * *

A cablegram from Manila to the adjutant general of the army, announced that the transport Thomas sailed from the Philippines March 16. The following are the military passengers:

For Nagasaki: David C. Shanks, col. I. G. Dept.; Fred L. Munson, capt. Q. M. C.; Bruce Magruder, first lieut. Eighth Infantry; Robert B. Grubbs, maj. M. C.; George C. Lewis, capt. Thirteenth Infantry; Max Sullivan, second lieut. Twenty-seventh Infantry;

For San Francisco: Albert G. Jenkins, maj. C. A.; Herman A. Sievert, capt. Ninth Cavalry; Harry H. Moore, capt. P. S.; Albert Youngloff, capt. P. S.; Matthew Demmer, first lieut. P. S.; Telesphor G. Gottschalk, first lieut. Second F. A.; Max Sebold, first lieut. P. S.; John D. Von Holzendorff, second lieut. F. A.; Curtis H. Nance, second lieut. Second F. A.; Herbert S. Williams, vetn. Fifteenth Calvery; Howard R. Perry, capt. Infantry; Fred E. Buchan, capt. Q. M. C.; John S. E. Young, capt. Eighth Cavalry; William H. Allen, capt. Med. Corps; William H. Shepherd, first lieut. Second F. A. James H. Dickey, first lieut. Fifteenth Cavelry; N. Butler Briscoe, second lieut. Fifteenth Cavelry; Lindsley D. Beach, second lieut. Fifteenth Cavalry; William B. Duty, second lieut. P. S.; Herman S. Rush, first lieut. Dent. Surg.

Aviation Restricted.

Representatives in this country of "a Chinese gentleman," whose identity is not otherwise revealed, have requested

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SEEN AND HEARD BY GEORGE MINER

Special Correspondent of The Washington Herald.

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Merida, Yucatan, March 10.—If cleanliness is next to godliness, then the people of Yucatan must all be saints.

They don't look exactly like saints, but they do look clean. And they are clean.

There are no people in the world who keep so clean, bathe so often or change their clothing so frequently as do the inhabitants of this state of Mexico. Whether they be Maya Indians, who compose 90 per cent of the population, or half-breeds, they invariably bathe once a day and in many cases twice.

In this hot climate the men of the laboring class only wear two garments, trousers and a sort of shirt or tunic worn outside the trousers. These garments are almost invariably white and of cotton or linen, depending on the prosperity of the wearer. The native women generally wear only one garment, a sort of white Mother Hubbard. Sometimes they wear a skirt under it.

Cleanliness a Religion.

No matter how poor the laborer may be, he puts on a clean suit every night when he returns from work. Some of them put on two fresh suits every day, another in the morning when they get up. These clothes are kept spotlessly white and clean. A Maya would feel forever degraded if he were to wear garments in the least soiled whether anybody saw him in them or not. Cleanliness is a religion with him. For ordinary use the clothes are simply washed and dried, not ironed, but on Sundays and feast days their clothes are starched and ironed until they shine like white patent leather. It's a refreshing sight in the cool of the early morning to see the gangs of laborers, whether in the city or the country, trooping to their work in clothes that are always spic and span. That's the way they always are, no matter whether they are going to dig a house foundation in the town or to work in the fields. Imagine, if you can, a gang of "wops" going to work on the subway with entirely clean clothes on every morning.

And then they bathe and bathe, morning, noon and night. The people who are better off than the peons generally take a bath when they get up in the morning and again at four in the afternoon after they have finished their siesta and before dressing for the evening.

The laborer takes his when he comes home at night and it's always a bath in warm water. His wife has it waiting for him and also a clean suit of clothes. After he has put them on he eats his supper in peace and contentment.

The native is absolutely unique in this respect. Not only is he the cleanest in the world, but he is in violent contrast to his countrymen in Mexico proper, as we all know that "greaser" is an appropriate name for the people in the main part of the country. They are invariably a greasy, dirty lot who would no more think of taking a bath than they would of brushing their teeth.

No Water in Sight.

This fondness for washing is a remarkable thing among the Mayas in view of the fact that their whole country is as dry as a bleached bone. There is not a river or lake or pond in the whole peninsula, which is bigger than Holland and Belgium put together. To be sure, there is plenty of water, but it's not in sight. The rivers are all underground. There seems to be no end of them either, for you can dig down through the limestone rock and always strike water. In Merida, it is invariably found at a depth of twenty-three feet. There are many places in the State, however, where it is necessary to dig much deeper. At one hacienda I visited the well was nearly 200 feet deep. But the consoling thing is that you always strike water sooner or later.

This means, naturally, that neither Merida nor any other city of Yucatan has any municipal water supply. Each house has its own waterworks, which consist of a well driven in the garden or patio, an American-made windmill to pump the water up and a big stone tank for a reservoir.

The water itself is as hard as nails. The whole country is a mass of limestone. There is no other kind of rock to be found. The heavy rains which deluge the country during the rainy season, percolate through this limestone and while the water is filtered perfectly it becomes so impregnated with lime that it is almost impossible to wash clothes with it.

But they get around that all right by

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